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Battle Frenzy - Chapter 01-09

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BF Chapter 1

Chapter 1 – Fate Trickster

Desire was the force that drives progress, as well as what gives birth to destruction.

In 2206 CE, humanity is confronted with its most severe energy crisis, while the Earth's climate has become exceedingly vile due to the the excessive exploitation of the planet's resources. The colony on the moon couldn't support a hundred million immigrants, and thus, the Salvation Project began. Humanity decided to build an "artificial black hole" between the Earth and Moon in order to provide everlasting energy, while also improving the Earth's environment. This project clearly had enormous dangers associated with it, but it was their only method for salvation.

2216 CE. The construction of the black hole was a success, but the aftermath was something humanity could never have predicted. The black hole caused a higher dimension to overlap with Earth, causing a spatial fold effect. This led to drastic changes on Earth, such as spatial cracks, unusual powers manifesting, and mutated organisms.

The Earth descended into chaos due to the ineffectiveness of conventional weapons in the face of these new monsters. Even the ultimate weapon of humanity, nuclear weapons, became useless. After a short three years, the Earth's population had declined to only two hundred million, and human civilization was on the brink of annihilation. Thus, humanity entered its last stand.

However, during this moment of crisis, humanity's avarice was matched by its powerful vitality which revealed itself. After many years of fighting against these monsters, humanity discovered what had caused the organisms of Earth to mutate. While other organisms had been transformed by this energy, many humans had also been transformed as well. In their final stand, humans continuously searched for ways to strengthen themselves. After much effort, they were able to create a completely new battle system. In honor of the

countless sacrificed in order to create this system, it was titled the Heroic Soul System. Named as such because a hero's soul would never be extinguished .

At the same time, the famous scientist, Glenn Grasso, discovered a way to use this unusual energy in a scientific manner. People called this energy "Grasso Energy". Combined with technology, it was newly termed rune technology. After paying a steep cost, humanity was able to wield this new energy and overcome the danger of extinction.

After fighting for several centuries, humanity was finally able to stand firm and claim a position on Earth. With the combination of their technology and new battle system, they were able to establish cities upon cities, rapidly expanding out once again. The new generation whose souls were ignited became the main defending power of these cities. They were called Heroic Soul Soldiers. In every single city, the heroic soul schools became the most important sector. These schools were the cradle from where soldiers were nurtured. After the old human society had been completely destroyed, two factions emerged from the ashes. One was the Imperial Alliance while the other was the Freedom Federation.

The Freedom Federation followed the social order of the olden days. Thus, it also followed the governing hierarchy of the past. The parliament was the highest order of authority, but the major families and financial groups were the true wielders of power. A majority of the technology and resources of the olden days were inherited by the federation. The Freedom Federation discriminated against mutants, strictly prohibiting mutants and ordinary people from intermarrying.

As for the Imperial Alliance, they had inherited much less of the resources of the olden days. During the dark ages, the discarded human communities fought with blood and fire and were able to rapidly expand by forming an alliance of nations with a strict social order. Humans, Neohumans, and other unusual races could be found in the alliance, all of them living for the pursuit of supreme power.

Originally, there were many great wars between the two factions over natural resources, but after encountering a great enemy, they were able to sign a peace agreement. Thus marked the new era of rapid development for humanity. A short hundred years later, the human population had grown back to a billion

people. Undoubtedly, their intelligence and powerful reproduction ability allowed humans to regain their position as Earth's most powerful ruler.

However, what was lost could never come back. There were five forbidden mutated regions that humans were unable to conquer. In addition to those five regions, the influence of the hyperdimension allowed humans to realize that they weren't the sons of heaven.

New Era 516. The Kaiser Empire, one of the three great empires within the Imperial Alliance.

An emaciated child was born in the best hospital of the empire. This child had to go into intensive care and was on the verge of death.

"Shirley, don't be sad. I believe that this child will definitely be able to be able to stand tall!" Wang Zhan Feng said in order to comfort his wife.

However, Shirley's tears continued to flow just as before. This child was too pitiful. As soon as he was born, he'd been plagued with misfortunes. After narrowly escaping from a great calamity, who would have thought that his body would then be influenced. "This is punishment from the gods. We should have been faster..."

Wang Zhan Feng gently shook his head. This matter had already been censored by both the Freedom Federation and the Imperial Alliance, and had become a taboo topic. After all, this was the greatest catastrophe humanity had faced since the New Era began. Once again, it seems that before humans are destroyed, God will make humans go crazy. But in the end, who knows what is right and what is wrong?

Dr. Layton Garau was a super genius and was the greatest expert on science and rune technology of the century. He had accidentally obtained the "Fate Stone", a hyperdimensional divine item. This sparked many crazy ideas that were supported by the Imperial Alliance, such as, "everyone can become a god", "humanity will reclaim everything," and "conquer the hyperdimension." Humanity had coveted the powers of the hyperdimension for a long time and had even begun experiments in the unregulated Inca City.

This wasn't the first time that humans had tried to spy into the realm of the gods, and it wasn't their first failure either. It was just that this experiment's

failure had caused an earthquake with a magnitude of 13 to shake Inca City. The heavens fell and the earth was split asunder by this disaster that lasted the whole day. The city had also been struck by a tsunami that day, causing floods and many casualties. Furthermore, a hundred thousand people lost their homes. As for the Imperial Alliance, they abandoned Dr. Layton and used him as the scapegoat. The dead Dr. Layton had been transformed from a scientific genius into a scientific devil.

[Wang Zhong](#) was an orphan of that disaster.

Wang Zhan Feng embraced his wife. "This child is very strong. He was even trying to reassure us just moments ago. Ah..."

"My heart was about break into pieces when I saw him smile while enduring so much pain." Shirley couldn't control the tears that streamed down her face.

"Perhaps death is a type of freedom in itself. If he's able to make it through this, we'll leave this place and go live a tranquil life. We won't bother with any disturbances," Wang Zhan Feng resolutely said. He had already achieved glory, as well as fallen to an all-time-low. The only thing he had left was his family.

Inside of the hospital ward, a four or five-year-old child quietly lay there. It was silent aside from the sound of an apparatus dripping. A sedative had been used on him recently, allowing Wang Zhong to finally enter the land of dreams.

In reality, Wang Zhong didn't really like sleeping. Although he would be in pain while he was awake, he at least wouldn't be lonely. He liked the world that was full of vitality, rather than the darkness and loneliness of the world of dreams.

However, sleep wasn't something he could prevent. As Wang Zhong's breathing became more steady, his surroundings seemed to quiet down. Then the side of the apparatus flashed a bit and Wang Zhong's eyelids twitched.

There was only darkness within the dreams for the sensible Wang Zhong. There was nothing he could do. However, today was different. The infinite darkness in his dreams suddenly turned red, giving Wang Zhong a pleasant surprise. The torment he experienced from his ailment had already rid him of any fear of death. Now the only thing he feared was to be alone. The color around him changed once again, from red to orange... then to yellow. Wang Zhong was extremely happy at this sight. His quiet world had finally gained some color.

Others may disdain such a matter, but for Wang Zhong, this had brought him much joy.

His surroundings stopped at the color purple, as if it had been a blossoming rainbow. From the very core of these colors appeared a figure.

It was a... small, brightly colored clown!

The little clown seemed particularly happy. “Hi hi. Child, I am your envoy of fortune, the handsome [Simba](#)! The peerless Simba! The powerful Simba!” The little clown somersaulted three times in the air before landing in an exaggerated pose. Of course, he hadn’t forgotten to swing his onion shaped hair around as he pulled out a beautiful rainbow.

“Simba? That sounds like a puppy’s name.” Wang Zhong couldn’t help but laugh. Most children would react in the same way should they see such a little clown, let alone Wang Zhong.

The little clown’s face suddenly spun down. “What puppy? I am the Fate Trickster, Simba. I play tricks on fate and there’s nothing I can’t do. Child, you have encountered something great!”

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BF Chapter 2

Chapter 2 – Senior is here!

Simba revealed a fiendish expression, wanting to make Wang Zhong yield. Little Wang Zhong examined Simba with a smile. In fact, he even walked up to Simba and began touching him. For little Wang Zhong, this wasn't a cute little clown, but a rare animal and the most adorable thing in this world of darkness.

Simba retreated two steps and rubbed his red nose. He had never expected to meet such a foolish child. *'Ah, forget about it. A powerful Fate Trickster such as I shouldn't bother with him.'*

"Child, what is your name?"

"I'm Wang Zhong. Are you really called Simba? It's a cute name!"

"No brat. You are to never use the word 'cute' to describe I, the great Fate Trickster! I am a powerful existence that has transcended fate!"

Clearly, Simba was very dissatisfied with the word 'cute'.

"Then you can call me Wang Zhong, and I'll call you Simba. Or I can even call you the Handsome Simba." Wang Zhong's eyes twinkled with cleverness and curiosity as he continued sizing up the little clown. Despite his attempts, however, at getting near the little clown, he found that no matter how much he walked, the distance between the two of them never changed. He really wanted to feel Simba's nose again.

The Fate Trickster mulled over it for a moment. Then he discovered that it really was hard to trick this child.

"Fine then. Wang Zhong, you have received finally good fortune. Do you want to become a mighty hero? Or an unparalleled lord under the heavens? Or perhaps, you want to become a dictator over countless numbers of people?"

The Fate Trickster's passionate voice matched his multicolored radiance, and his over-exaggerated body language made it sound as if he were a mighty hero that was worshipped by all. Yet, the wimpy kid in front of him still hadn't been stirred into immediately crying with tears of joy, nor did he shout out his wishes

to become a hero!

“I don’t want to.” Wang Zhong said this simple phrase after he finished enjoying the little clown’s exaggerated display. He stretched out his hand again in an attempt to pinch the little clown’s nose, as if to mock him.

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The current scene was a bit awkward as the little clown stared at Wang Zhong with an unfathomable gaze. This child’s expression was like an insipid cloud floating upon gentle winds, which profoundly provoked the little clown. *‘Is this brat an idiot? Why would the Fate Stone pick him?’*

“Why don’t you want to? You must be a fool not to!” Simba anxiously spoke. If Wang Zhong refused, then that would make his existence meaningless.

“If I don’t want to then I don’t want to!” Wang Zhong craftily said. “This is stupid. Are you trying to argue with a child?”

The little clown was dumbfounded, and could only blankly scratch his head. He seemed to have something to say... However... What the brat said was right! He wouldn’t argue!

Why did he need to argue with this brat!?

“That’s great then. You possess a rebellious spirit as I expected. Then let us agree that fate is a wooden club, so let us happily strike with it!” The little clown didn’t give Wang Zhong a single chance to refute him, and had spewed a bunch of nonsense, even coming to a conclusion in Wang Zhong’s stead.

The whole world was quiet, just like the day before.

After a long time, Wang Zhong seriously looked at the little clown and said, “Can you be my friend?”

“Brat, it’ll cost you a steep price if you want Simba to be your friend!” The little clown vigorously nodded his head as he spoke.

“I’m not afraid!” Wang Zhong resolutely answered.

“Then I’ll try it out!” Said the little clown as he continued to wonder why the Fate Stone had chosen him.

“It’s a deal then. Let’s shake on it to keep this promise for the next hundred years!” Wang Zhong extended out his hand to shake a deal with Simba. He felt that Simba’s hands were a bit strange; they felt like rubber.

The Fate Trickster didn’t notice the smile at the corner of Wang Zhong’s mouth. For an ill child who could face death at any moment, their greatest desire would be to have a single playmate, to say nothing of this fascinating little clown. The reason he had declined before was because he was afraid. He was afraid that after making a deal with this little clown, the little clown would disappear like the characters in those fairy tales his aunt Shirley tells him. There was no worse suffering than to be in a world of nothing but infinite darkness.

After a second, the little clown’s expression crumbled apart. Unexpectedly, Wang Zhong had... he had seized this chance to pinch his nose!

His incredibly noble, handsome, and most important nose!

Darkness soon overcame Wang Zhong’s gleeful smile. This was the most joyful moment he could remember as his new companion, Simba, flew back in retreat while shrieking.

It turned out that being alive was actually such a happy thing.



526 NE. Tianjing City, one of the hundred major cities of the Freedom Federation.

The Tianjing Heroic Soul Academy was famous for its rune technology. Every new school year, it was bound to be bustling with noise and excitement.

“Student, students. Come over here and take a look at the soldier department’s top-notch society, the Immortal Rampart Society. We’re recruiting new students!”

“Don’t miss an opportunity to walk your own path! Successfully become a commander in the future. A genius’s camping ground, the Arbitration Society is recruiting! Hey! Check us out. This will be the first step you’ll take towards glory!”

“As long as you’re talented, then you’re welcome to join the Divine Eye

Society, one of the ten great societies in the rune department! Stupid fellows, don't bother and keep to the side. Come, come, come"

The entire school plaza was as lively as a food market. This was the season when everyone fought over the newly admitted students. This was the time for all the male seniors to put on their best clothes and style their hair in order to both attract new recruits and look for pretty female juniors. Furthermore, there was nothing else that motivated them more than recruitment.

"Hey, student. I'm the president of the Prodigy Society, one of the future five great societies. Joining us will be the wisest decision of your life. This place is only for those who stand out from the masses. Hey, darling junior sister, don't leave. Let this senior brother finish speaking." Student Ma Dong did his best to have an affable smile, yet those two junior sisters still ran away with lightning speed.

"Isn't the Prodigy Society blacklisted? I can't believe they still dare come and trick people."

"That's right. Hurry up and run away. Their president looks like a hooligan and my dad said that one must be careful of false flattery from black hearted seniors. He was definitely talking about people like that!"

When he saw these two female students run with an expression as if they were guarding against a thief, student Ma Dong felt aggrieved. Wang Zhong simply laughed at the side. "You should just give up. The new student handbook is being sold everywhere and it possesses lots of detailed introductions about all of this academy societies."

"Laugh! Go ahead and laugh then! You're still the vice president, so you should feel a bit of responsibility, shouldn't you!?"

Wang Zhong couldn't stop smiling. Their society only had two members; the president, and the vice president. To be precise, their society was actually only registered as a student union, and hadn't even been approved as a society yet. Thus, they were the typical case of a dark society.

"Hey, hey, junior sister. Come take a look at senior brother... Don't run junior sister!" Ma Dong had worn his best outfit today. Even though he was dressed in a black rose flower suit, his flashiness was completely in shambles. Just as the junior sisters had said, he looked indecent, no matter how one looked at him.

Wang Zhong also helped recruit people by handing out flyers to anyone who passed by. However, they could only sneakily try to recruit people in a corner as they weren't an official society. A society needed at least five people, but since none of the veterans acknowledged them, they could only try to recruit from the new students. To become a society was the dream of Ma Dong.

Both Wang Zhong and Ma Dong were in the second grade of Tianjing Heroic Soul Academy's commander division. The two of them shared a dorm room, but in practice, Ma Dong lived off-campus. Ma Dong simply found the dorms to be too shabby for him. His dream was to establish an unrivalled society. There were many people like him, but one couldn't just use a worldly gaze in order to evaluate him. Instead of looking at his talent or his soul power, one simply looked at his personality and traits.

Of course, even if his dreams were plump, reality had no meat for him. Recruiting new students was their only hope.

Despite the two of them exhausting their throats from shouting for half the day, no one bothered with them. Their throats were practically burning with rage as they crouched on the roadside, drinking large mouthfuls of water. "We can't continue like this. We need to increase the scale of recruiting!"

BF Chapter 3

Chapter 3 – Half a First Place

Ma Dong's eyes were filled with a fiery anger. Wang Zhong didn't know whether to laugh or cry at this. "If you have any more recruitment plans, then hurry and finish it. Don't forget that today is my birthday. You're coming over to my house for dinner tonight." "Ah, see how clever my brain is! That's right, we'll just split up the work. You go and recruit in the crowded areas and I'll continue pulling people in from over here. I refuse to believe that I won't be able to recruit at least a few people with my good looks!" Ma Dong stated.

Wang Zhong smiled and nodded. He wouldn't be able to recruit anyone anyways.

After Wang Zhong left, Ma Dong immediately got up and looked around. Although he wanted to recruit pretty and delicate junior sisters, the survival of their society was still his top priority. If he was unable to gather five people, then the society would be forced to disband. They wouldn't even be able to become a dark society.

Ma Dong's eyes suddenly brightened and he charged towards a new student at lightning speed. After blocking this student's way, Ma Dong took a good look at him, his eyes narrowing. This guy was over 2.2 meters tall with a muscular build; he was definitely a student of the soldier department.

"Student, you must be new. Have you joined a society yet?"

The new student was stunned for a moment from having his path barred. However, he quickly recovered and revealed a smile as he nodded. "Hello senior. I am indeed a new student. My name is Barran Gestalt. I'm from Dunsquake City and haven't joined a society yet."

"Haha. That's perfect then. You're really lucky. It seems that my judgement of you was correct. You should enter my Prodigy Society. This society is a paradise for elites. Just look at one of our members, Wang Zhong. He's ranked first on the theory exams for the commander department. You know about the commander department, right? It's a paradise for experts!" Ma Dong opened up a report on

Wang Zhong, giving Barran Gestalt a look. However, his left hand covered up a part of the report.

Ranked first!?

Barran Gestalt was stunned. All of the other seniors seemed to only care about the junior sisters and hadn't paid him any attention at all. What kind of outstanding society could he enter?

"S-senior. Can I really join?" Barran Gestalt stuttered in shock.

"You can just call me President from now on! I'll look after you!" Ma Dong said pretentiously.

"Yes, Sen... President. I'll definitely do my best!" Barran nodded.

Ma Dong's whole body brimmed with happiness. No wonder so many people wanted to be president. It actually felt so good. "Barran, this president shall give you your first mission. Return the table and the materials to the storehouse. I'll send the address to your skylink."

"Ah. President, aren't we going to continue recruiting?" Barran Gestalt inquisitively asked.

Ma Dong rolled his eyes. "What do you think our Prodigy Society is? We only recruit elites. The inner qualities of our recruits are the most important. It's better to have nothing than to compromise!"

Barran Gestalt's face turned red from excitement. Tianjing really was a major city. Even this Heroic Soul Academy senior's moral character was better than those of smaller cities.

As he watched Barran pick up the table gently, Ma Dong couldn't help but feel proud of his cleverness. The society wasn't as lacking anymore. They now had three members.

Ma Dong disappeared like a wisp of smoke and quickly found Wang Zhong still distributing the leaflets. He stuffed the flyers back into the bag and said, "Let's go brother! I've already recruited someone. Today is your sixteenth birthday, a joyous occasion. We can continue tomorrow!"

Wang Zhong laughed and nodded. "Did you trick them by showing half my

grades again?”

“What do you mean trick? I merely stated a fact... just half a fact,” Wang Dong said with a poker face.

Wang Zhong was a prodigy. In middle school, he was known as the “Team Battle Tactician,” attracting the attention of numerous schools. In addition to his excellent grades, he had already ignited his soul fire, allowing him to directly enter the commander department.

However, his following development would shock everyone. This so-called genius’ growth potential was only at level five. This was a level that was even lower than an average person. In other words, he was only good at theory. They had thought that he would flourish with an orthodox education, but the result... the results had blown everyone away. Even the academy had been forced to suffer in silence. Wang Zhong had become the joke of the commander department.

The commander department definitely represented elites, but in the entire academic year, Wang Zhong only had Ma Dong for a friend.

The Heroic Soul Academy was composed of four departments with different specialities: the commander department, abilities department, soldiers department, and the rune department.

The commander department was the cradle of officers. Every student there needed to know theory, as well as have the talent to excel in combat. Naturally, the majority of students had profound backgrounds and came from Heroic Soul families.

The abilities department only recruited students with special abilities. After all, only a small percentage of people who had ignited their soul fire would possess a power. The department also researched the science behind these special abilities.

The soldier department recruited students with outstanding growth potential in their soul power.

As for the rune department, they recruited students who had already ignited their soul fire, but didn’t have any outstanding qualities. The rune department

was also the largest department, and had the most subjects. Their studies went beyond just rune technology, and were more specialized in giving support. After all, in this era, every student who had ignited their soul fire was a precious resource. Even if they weren't suited for battle, there were still many other things they could do.

Naturally, all of the rune department students had a heart that yearned for battle. If they were able to rank in the top ten of the comprehensive rankings, then they would have the opportunity to change their specialization. In theory, if a student's scores were too low for their specialization, they would be forced to drop down to the rune department. It was just that this had never occurred in the last two hundred years.

Although Ma Dong was in the commander department, his dreams weren't related to becoming a hero at all.

As soon as he opened the door, a fragrant aroma assaulted his nostrils, and Ma Dong quickly scuttled inside. "Uncle Wang, this is definitely your cooking! This sweet and sour pork smells so good!"

A graceful woman walked over and gave a humble laugh. "Little Dong, you're here. Come sit down. Dinner will be ready in a moment."

"Aunt Shirley, you're so pretty. I would be so happy if my girlfriend was even half as pretty as you!" Ma Dong laughed.

"Your mouth really is sweet like honey." Shirley smiled. Although she didn't put on any makeup and wore simple clothes, it was unable to conceal her inner elegance.

Ma Dong wasn't naive. The reality was that even after applying makeup, those so-called upper class ladies were still unable to match Aunt Shirley's beauty.

"This guy's mouth can even make the dead come alive. I wonder who fell into his pit today." Wang Zhong said. Even if he didn't know what exactly had happened, he still knew that their new recruit had been duped by Ma Dong.

"Yeah, right. You're just denying my charisma. As soon as those junior sisters get one look, they immediately begin to cry and throw themselves at me. Ahhh. Am I not simply an outstandingly honest person?" Ma Dong said as he

unceremoniously took a piece of sweet and sour pork.

Shirley couldn't help but laugh. Wherever Ma Dong was, the mood would always be lively. She gave Wang Zhong a look full of affection. Ten years ago, she and Wang Zhan Feng had thought that Wang Zhong would die, but Wang Zhong had miraculously recovered from his illness. This was the greatest gift God had given them.

Their dinner was joyous and harmonious. With a buffoon like Ma Dong, the entire night was full of cheering and laughter. Wang Zhan Feng had even made an exception for himself and drank some alcohol. Aunt Shirley had never hidden the fact that Wang Zhong was an orphan, and Wang Zhong wasn't remorseful either. On the contrary, he found even more warmth within his home.

Without any last comforting words for the night, they saw Ma Dong off and Wang Zhong returned to his room. He gazed out his window and gave a sigh of sorrow within his heart. He had finally reached adulthood now. Entering the Heroic Soul Academy had always been his dream. He had also hoped to solve his issue, but it seemed that there was nothing to be done.

A year had gone by, and as he watched the new students trickle in, Wang Zhong felt pressured. After thinking it over for a moment, there was no reason to complain about his debility due to his illness. If he was lacking, then it meant that he wasn't putting in enough effort. This year, he had to do his best. Filled with similar thoughts, Wang Zhong entered the land of dreams. It was still a world of darkness like before, but a rainbow streak cut through the darkness, and a smile appeared at the corner of Wang Zhong's mouth.

BF Chapter 4

Chapter 4 – Fate Roulette

Fate Trickster Simba unexpectedly jumped out of the rainbow, flipping through the air before landing gracefully. His landing wasn't that stable, however, and he fell onto his butt.

“Wang Zhong, why are you so late tonight!?” The little clown floated in the air as he spun in a circle, dancing and expressing his joy.

“Today is my birthday, as well as the day I step into adulthood. It's fine if you don't have a birthday gift for me, but I never would have thought you'd forgotten. Come here! You lost yesterday, so let me pinch your nose now. Don't even think about going back on your promise!” Wang Zhong gave Simba a big smile as he waved him over. The only reason he was able to survive and persevere through these past ten years was because of Simba's presence.

The Fate Trickster played fantastical games of every description with him. During the first five years, they had gone through countless eccentric drills, such as learning the language of beasts and the cultural heritage of the olden days. In the final five years, the Fate Trickster would transform into all sorts of monsters to play with Wang Zhong. He truly deserved the glorified name of 'Shapeshifter.' With abilities like his, he would naturally want to make some bets with Wang Zhong. With a character like Simba, Wang Zhong's dreamland had never been lonely again.

Simba subconsciously retreated. “*Cough cough*. Brat, of course the Fate Trickster won't go back on his word. It's just that we have more important things to talk about today.” Simba said this with a deadpan expression, but the more serious he looked, the more comical he appeared. As long as it wasn't during a trial by fire, Simba would always act in an exceptionally amusing and playful manner.

“You've already used this excuse many times before. But,” Wang Zhong said with a smile, “since we can be considered brothers, I'll listen to your so-called important matter once more.”

With a flip of Simba's hand, a three dimensional image appeared depicting a qi sea filled with vitality. Floating in the air, the qi sea was soon enveloped by a jaw dropping brilliance, as if it were being sealed. Afterwards, only a faint amount of qi could be detected from it.

Wang Zhong twiddled his fingers while giving the clown's nose a malicious gaze. "Why are you projecting my soul sea again? The consequences for ridiculing me are quite severe."

"*Cough cough*. Do you really take me for that kind of person? Be a bit more serious. This marvelous Fate Trickster has an important matter to talk about today," Simba said with a roll of his eyes.

Everyone who *awakened* would possess a soul sea. The soul sea was the origin of soul power, and was the key to accessing the power of the hyperdimension. Naturally, the soul sea was merely a name, and the average person's soul sea was only the size of a puddle.

Wang Zhong was different, however, as his soul sea had actually grown to the size of a sea under the continuous nourishment of the Fate Stone. It was just that the Fate Stone wasn't truly an existence of this world, and since it violated the laws of this world, the order of the world tried to destroy it. But the Fate Stone's power exceeded imagination. When the power of order and the Fate Stone collided, it had caused the Inca tsunami. Right now, these two fantastical powers were in a state of equilibrium within Wang Zhong. The seal on this power was similar to that of withstanding the tide in a science fiction blockbuster movie.

The hexagram, with the power of the worldly laws, had shrouded the Fate Stone. By coincidence, however, Wang Zhong's soul sea had also been affected, bringing about a disaster to it. It was fortunate that Wang Zhong was a living being. Under the influence of these two contradictory forces, his negligible strength was like a rock that had been cracked open, allowing the grass an opportunity to live. Similar to that rock, a crack had appeared on the seal, which gave Wang Zhong a chance at survival. It was just that the leaked soul power was pitifully little.

During these last few years, Wang Zhong and Simba had tried their best to

solve this issue. If they weren't able to resolve this issue, then there wasn't even a need to mention Wang Zhong's future; he would never be able to cast his heroic soul. Moreover, Simba would never be able to break free from the fetters of the Fate Stone and complete his wish of entering the real world.

"What have you thought of this time?" Wang Zhong had spent a whole year hiding in the library, desperately searching for some solution to this problem. In the end, he'd turned up empty-handed. He feared that with the level these powers were on, no one in the world would be able to solve it, much less the Heroic Soul Academy. Moreover, he dared not wantonly announce his condition for fear of his safety, as most people would jump at the chance to dissect him.

"How has your condition inside the fifth dimension been lately?" Simba asked.

Wang Zhong gave him a bitter smile. "You're still saying you're not ridiculing me? I've already suffered ninety-nine consecutive defeats. At its peak, my soul power can only reach level 20. It would be useless even if I improved my techniques in the face of my opponent's defenses. I wouldn't be able to break through it either way."

As long as one ignited their soul fire, the average person would have soul power of at least level 50. As for geniuses, they would be able to reach level 100 and above.

"Hehe. Have you already forgotten about my hyper god device? If you use my Fate Roulette, then you can change your fate!" Extremely pleased with himself, the Fate Trickster stuck out his waist and his nose trembled.

"Are you saying the Fate Roulette has already absorbed enough soul essence!?" Wang Zhong asked in surprise.

Simba's mouth widened into a grin. "Your opponents are becoming weaker and weaker. Their soul essence already have barely any effect. It doesn't matter, however. The glorious Fate Trickster has the means. It's time for Simba to reveal his true strength!"

After a moment of silence, Wang Zhong suddenly asked, "What price are you asking for?"

Simba smiled. "I am the magnificent Fate Trickster, what is such a small matter

to me?” Simba’s eyes twinkled as he spoke.

“Haha. I got it. You’re afraid of me pinching your nose so you’re trying to trick me now. I already know you’re up to no good, just like Ma Dong. Forget about it. You don’t need to feel anxious. I’ve just become an adult, so there’s still plenty of time...” Suddenly, Wang Zhong discovered that his body was paralyzed.

Simba fished out a roulette from his pocket that was nearly as big as him. In a flash, the entire space was cast in light and shadows. “How could you possibly compare the magnificent Fate Trickster to that hooligan. I am the great Simba!”

One half of the Fate Roulette was darker than a black hole, while the other blazed with light. Connected to the axle was a comical clown pointer... It truly resembled Simba, yet the pointer was only charge up by one third.

Simba had said before that once the clown pointer absorbed enough soul essence, the roulette could be spun once to alter fate. Unfortunately, it was clearly quite far off from its goal.

“Simba, stop messing around. We still have plenty of time!” Wang Zhong bellowed in rage, yet no sound was transmitted.

“Mwahaha. Wang Zhong, I’ll let you experience the grand power of the Fate Trickster soon. I, Simba, have made a judgement! If the pointer lands on the light side, your soul power’s level will double. If it lands on the dark side, your soul power will be reduced by half!” The little clown beamed with a glittering smile while his big red nose proudly trembled. He held the Fate Roulette with two rigid arms.

Despite how anxious Wang Zhong felt, he couldn’t budge a single inch. Having his soul power halved basically meant nothing to him; a dead pig doesn’t fear scalding water after all. But if it was doubled, then it would be a complete transformation for his combat prowess. Indeed, Wang Zhong had a very clear understanding in regards to the demon known as the seal on his soul sea. Just how grave would the costs be?

His reasoning was simple. In order to gain something, something of equivalent value must be paid.

Towards Wang Zhong, who had always struggled against the odds with all his

strength, Simba could only hold up both of his hands to cover his grimacing face. “Simba is really happy. I was able to come to this world and become friends with you. This is my birthday gift to you. Fate is like a wooden club—let us cheerfully beat it together!”

The Fate Roulette’s clown pointer spun crazily in circles, almost as if it were about to explode. The entire world was bathed in a constant rotation of light and darkness. Gradually, the clown pointer slowed down. The dark area was clearly more attractive towards the pointer, however. Simba’s forehead dripped with sweat because the pointer’s energy wasn’t full, and it seemed that it would stop in the dark area. Suddenly, Simba stuck out his leg, stopping the pointer in the light area. The entire world began to tremble.

BF Chapter 5

Chapter 5 – Simba...

Simba shot excitedly up into the air, his legs spread apart as he pointed his finger towards the sky. He loudly proclaimed, “LUCKY!”

However, in midair, that clown, which had been about Wang Zhong’s size, suddenly began to shrink rapidly. He continued shrinking until he was palm-sized, then descended at last. The Fate Roulette faded away and the space returned to pure darkness.

After Wang Zhong regained control of his body, he immediately rushed over and held the dying Simba in his hands. He spoke through clenched teeth, “You scoundrel. I didn’t want this kind of damned present! You better return to normal for me!”

The tiny Simba’s nose trembled as he forced out a few words. “Frie... nd. This is the last time I can help you...”

He reached out his tiny hand in a desperate attempt to touch Wang Zhong, but his arm powerlessly fell back down. “I’m so very tired now... I don’t feel well... Friend... We must separate... forever...”

Wang Zhong couldn’t bear it any longer. Tears began to stream down his face, dripping one by one. When he was just two years old, alone on the sickbed, enduring bone-scraping pain, he hadn’t cried. But now, his partner for the last ten years...

Wang Zhong clenched his teeth tightly. This was the first time he felt so angry at himself for his weakness and helplessness.

BF Chapter 5.2

Chapter 5 – Simba is here!

Ah... Was it an illusion? Simba seemed to be stealing glances at him.

...

It wasn't an illusion. The tiny Simba smirked in Wang Zhong's hands.

This... This guy had actually tricked him into crying!!!

"You..." Wang Zhong tearfully muttered.

Noticing that Wang Zhong had seen through his deceit, Simba promptly sat up. "Cough cough. Wang Zhong ah. No, no. It was just a joke. You can see I'm already so miserable. Hey hey. We can talk this out, alright? Don't pinch my nose you brat!!!"

"AHHHHHH~"



Ten o'clock in the morning. The day after.

Wang Zhong was startled awake. He usually woke up at six in the morning, but his sleep seemed especially deep last night. He'd never felt this way before.

'Simba? What happened to Simba?'

Wang Zhong scratched his head. Simba had started that demonic roulette all by himself and aside from the effects it had caused on his soul sea, Simba had shrunk into a palm-sized version of himself. He'd paid a steep cost to forcefully spin the roulette and now lay dormant. If they tried it again, it would likely cost his life. Wang Zhong could only look after himself from now on.

The crack on the seal had widened a bit. Even though his soul power had only risen to 50 Grasso, its significance was completely different for Wang Zhong!

...

'What's that smell?'

There was a strange odor inside the house, which nearly caused him to

suffocate to death. His bed sheet was stained with some demonic coloring, as if it had been soaked in sludge. Wang Zhong quickly opened a window. This definitely wasn't him wetting the bed!

He felt refreshed by the breeze flowing in. Although his soul power wasn't too stable at the moment, Wang Zhong could still feel his body bursting with vitality.

Excitedly opening the door, he let in the fragrant aroma of food. His stomach immediately rumbled in response to the smell, and he soon discovered that the table was already lined with a sumptuous breakfast, as well as a note.

"Little Zhong, you're a real man from this day onwards. Do what you wish to do. There is no path in this world that cannot be walked by man. I brought your Aunt Shirley to go on another honeymoon. You understand how she is. She is simply too demanding to woo, and lately, I don't even think my cooking skills are able to satisfy her. A wife is the most important aspect of a man's life after all. Fight on! Young man, you are definitely a capable person."

Wang Zhong couldn't help but reveal a smile. Uncle Wang's attractiveness wasn't enough, so he'd needed to use a few days to supplement it. It had truly been hard on the two of them these past few years. Wang Zhong had to also do his best. He quickly wrote a letter in reply to them.

After finishing breakfast, Wang Zhong made a mad dash back to school. He treated this as tempering himself. In any case, he didn't have any classes today, but still needed to think of a way to recruit more members for their Prodigy Society. As he made his way back to the academy, Wang Zhong began to notice that his perception of the world had changed drastically. His footsteps were light and quick, his surroundings clear, and it almost seemed as if he could perceive breathing coming from the vegetation he passed.

Unfortunately, Wang Zhong hadn't looked in the mirror, otherwise he would have seen that his previously weak and muddy-looking eyes had become as deep as an ocean.

As soon as he arrived, he saw Ma Dong with a robust young man doing their best to shout out their recruitment slogans. It seems that this was the pitiful child who'd been deceived by Ma Dong.

"Barran, your idol has arrived. This here is the vice president of our society,

Wang Zhong,” Ma Dong said.

Barran immediately walked over and bowed. With that head of his, however, it created a truly threatening atmosphere. “Greetings senior. My name is Barran Gestalt, the newest member of the Prodigy Society. Please advise this junior.”

Wang Zhong didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. He truly didn’t know who was supposed to advise who here. After seeing Barran’s stature, he feared that Barran should be considered an excellent student from the soldier department. Ma Dong winked at him from the side, as if to say, ‘Isn’t big bro here awesome?’

Despite the addition of Barran, they still weren’t able to pull the Prodigy Society out of its embarrassing state. In comparison to their simple and crude society, the other societies were like a hundred flowers in bloom. They had handsome senior brothers and beautiful senior sisters. They even had pretty recruitment presentations and rows upon rows of society achievements to show off. Only someone like Barran could be duped into joining a society like the Prodigy Society.

All of a sudden, all of the students bustled with noise and excitement as they all flocked towards the east. “It’s Senior Sister Natasha!”

“It really is Senior Sister Natasha! The two senior sisters from Black Rose, Natasha and Milami, have arrived!”

Wang Zhong and Ma Dong looked at each other in dismay, then helplessly shook their heads and forced out a smile. Natasha had been an influential figure from the very moment she had entered the academy, and was known as the genius of the commander department. Rumor has it that she was also the daughter of the academy’s president.

Black Rose was one of the four great societies. During her first year in the society, she had already took up the position as its vice president. Since the previous president had graduated this year, Natasha had now taken over the role as the president of Black Rose. With Natasha now in charge, the Black Rose Society seemed even more grand and magnificent.

On the popularity rankings, there truly wasn’t any society capable of competing with the Black Rose Society.

“*Pah!* What’s so amazing about them? Inevitably, the day will come when our Prodigy Society becomes the fifth great society!” Student Ma Dong bravely said these sour words. It could be said that the only reason he had founded the Prodigy Society was because he had been rejected by the Black Rose Society time and time again.

“Hey, hey, members of the Prodigy Society. This lady here wants to join your society!” A melodious voice called out.

Wang Zhong’s trio turned their heads simultaneously, and was met with the sight of a pretty girl with short blonde hair. She wasn’t too tall, but she was unusually well proportioned. Her large, spirited eyes blinked a few times. Ma Dong mouth gaped open... *‘Why did she appear here?’*

The girl walked over with a smile. As she walked over, Ma Dong opened his arms wide, but she just walked right past him. She instead walked over to Wang Zhong and gave him a big hug. “Big brother Wang Zhong, long time no see. Do you still remember Emily?”

Wang Zhong awkwardly put his arm around her. “Who could forget someone as cute as you, Emily? I’m just wondering why you’re here?”

Ma Dong unhappily pulled on Emily’s collar from the side. “Little girl, understand clearly that I’m your elder cousin. We’re related by blood!”

Emily gave Ma Dong a blank look. “You’re dishonest, Ma Dong Dong. Uncle already told me all about you and how I shouldn’t learn from your example!”

As soon as she mentioned his father, Ma Dong became terrified. He suddenly thought of a question, “Ah, why are you here?”

“You’re so slow. Of course I’m a new student here at the Tianjing Heroic Soul Academy. I was specially recruited!” Emily straightened her posture, sticking her non-existent chest out, making her seem very adorable.

“Heavens! With your soul power growth rate of 9.2 and your flame ability, you had actually ended up here. St. Mongul City is much better than our city. Your decision will make St. Mongul’s academy president cry in the toilet.” Ma Dong laughed. This could be considered a helping hand from the heavens. Every single Heroic Soul Academy would fight with their all for a genius such as Emily.

BF Chapter 6

Chapter 6 – Black Rose

“Barran, hurry up and give Student Emily a form to fill out. It’s just as I said in the past: our Prodigy Society is only made up of elites! With her growth rate of 9.2, she just barely meets the requirements needed to join us!” As Ma Dong began speaking in a pretentious manner, Barran Gestalt had a look of worship painted all over his face.

‘The president is truly too awesome!’ With a growth rate of only 7, Barran Gestalt couldn’t possibly compare with Emily. In general, a rating of 4 and lower was considered bad, 6 and 7 were considered average, 8 was considered excellent, while 9 and up was considered genius. Only those with a rating of 9 or higher would have their growth rate tested by the decimal point.

Ma Dong cared not one whit for Emily’s reasons for coming as he pressed her to immediately fill out the form. With the addition of Emily, it would be akin to transforming his Prodigy Society from a birdy shotgun to a cannon!

At this moment, a flock of people advanced on them. They headed by Natasha and Milami.

Ma Dong clenched his butt. He would normally be excited to have an opportunity to meet these goddesses, but at this moment, he’d clearly seen their predatory gazes towards Emily.

“Excuse me, but might you be Student Emily? I am the Black Rose Society’s president, Natasha, and this is the vice president, Milami.” Natasha gave her a humble smile as she spoke neither too quickly, nor too slowly. Her long, light purple hair matched her graceful temperament, allowing her to immediately captivate everyone. She was exactly like a goddess. Ma Dong had already forgotten the words stuck in his throat as his gaze unwaveringly landed on the goddess’s chest. *‘These curves truly make people go crazy over them!’*

“Student Emily, our Black Rose Society is the best society on campus. You’ll improve the most if you join us, as well as make many new friends. Do you really want to join the Prodigy Society, which doesn’t even have the Student Union’s

approval and could get disbanded at any time?” Vice President Milami was a bit over 170 centimeters tall and wore a pair of black-framed glasses. Her whole being gave off the feeling of inflexibility and seriousness. As one of the people in charge at the Black Rose Society, she had been given the nickname of ‘Mother’.

“*Ahem.* Vice President Milami, you can’t say things like that. Our Prodigy Society is still exceptionally...” Ma Dong wasn’t the type of person to take an offense lying down, and attempted to forcefully interrupt her. But then he remembered that Milami was an official of the Student Union. His little existence was completely at her mercy.

Emily listlessly looked at the two before waving her hand. “I’m not interested. I’m already joining the Prodigy Society.”

Milami’s expression wrinkled into a scowl. There wasn’t anyone in the academy who dared to speak to her like this. This little girl was truly a bit mad.

“Student Wang Zhong, your Battle Control Skill Theory and Rune Life Hypothesis are exceptionally unique. Do you have any interest in joining Black Rose?” Natasha suddenly asked, paying no mind to Emily’s refusal at all.

Ma Dong’s expression immediately darkened. *‘What did she just say?’*

The surrounding students were also in an uproar. Everyone knew that the Black Rose Society’s treatment was good, and it had many beautiful woman. It also had the highest requirements necessary for entry! Every single member of theirs was an influential figure within their department. Yet, she had actually invited trash like Wang Zhong?

“President, I oppose this! This guy is the shame of the commander department! Who knows how long it will be before he’s transferred to a different department? We definitely can’t accept him!” Milami ruthlessly opposed.

Whispered gossip began among those in the know and those who weren’t. Soon after, news of Wang Zhong’s situation spread to everyone. When some of them learned of his situation, a trace of pity appeared as they looked at him. His talents were so high, yet he suffered from an illness that caused his soul power to be chaotic and uncondensed. He was just like an ordinary person whose power could only make his muscles twitch. He truly was a tragic character.

Contrary to expectations, Wang Zhong simply responded with a smile of indifference. “Many thanks to President Natasha, but I still think that the Prodigy Society is the best fit for me.”

Off to the side, Milami gave a cold snort. *‘It’s a good thing he responded tactfully. If he had been more daring, then he would have been as good as dead.’*

Natasha regretfully nodded. Despite her position as the society’s president, she couldn’t do much to oppose Milami.

“Alright then. Anyone who isn’t joining our society can leave now. This place isn’t a supermarket!” Emily was already beginning to shoo everyone off, beginning with Milami.

Milami’s shot Emily a quick glance. “You will definitely regret your choice today. President, let’s not waste any more time here.”

Once the goddesses left, the doors to the Prodigy Society cleared up once again. The few people that had originally been attracted by Emily’s entry into their society were not a problem, but such a disturbance would give the Prodigy Society a headache for days. Who didn’t know that Senior Sister Milami also had the nickname of Viper Spinster. Catching her attention would bring nothing but trouble. Even Natasha was a bit wary of her.

Emily was just barely able to enter their academy as a special recruit after having gone through a series of in depth tests. Due to this, Ma Dong immediately packed up his stall in fear of others coming to try and seduce Emily away from them. Even if he used money to recruit people, it would be like collecting bits and pieces to make a whole. But with Emily’s strength, his Prodigy Society finally had hope.



Wang Zhong was reading in the library as usual, but today he felt jittery. He felt as though his whole being was different. For most people, that amount of soul power would change little, but for Wang Zhong it had completely transformed him.

He put away the book and headed towards the OP Training Building that was

next door to the library.

OP System. Its meaning was to “transcend perfection”.

Igniting one’s soul power was only the first step. The most important thing was the ability to cast one’s heroic soul. Once one’s heroic soul took a form, their soul power would experience an exponential increase and they would receive an explosive soul dominating skill. Furthermore, those who cast their heroic soul would definitely become one of the elites within the heroic soul academy. In the last few years, Tianjing’s standard hovered around eight or nine as there was little pressure on them. Due to this, many students lost their chance to become an elite and could only helplessly enter the ordinary army or take part in supply logistics work after graduation.

In order to form their heroic soul, every student would use every possible method to refine their soul power and technique. Once their heroic soul was condensed, there was only one method left to further improve — battle!

One couldn’t help but mention the scientist from the Freedom Federation, Charlton Copernicus, when it came to the OP system. Charlton Copernicus’s dream had been to become a genius superhero, but due to his ordinary combat talent there wasn’t anyone who wanted to spar with him. Due to his inability to gain combat experience, he was ultimately unable to cast his heroic soul. For the sake of his dream, Charlton abandoned the martial way and integrated rune power into the virtual reality technology from olden times in order to create a battle simulator. The result was completely unexpected. The Fifth Dimension, commonly referred to as the Soul Space, was created. In modern times, it carried the OP System, created by Gullan Grasso, another great scientist that had changed the world.

OP was realized due to the Fifth Dimension. It’s entire maintenance system and energy system was organized by the super financial groups of the cities of the Freedom Federation. The system made it easy for students to cast their heroic souls and refine their battle techniques, bringing out the best achievements from their heroic souls.

BF Chapter 7

Chapter 7 – Battling a Rookie

Soul power was the key to entering the OP world, a paradise for heroic soul cultivators. The law of the Fifth Dimension meant that while it was equal to true combat experience in that world, one couldn't truly die there. Of course, the sensations within the OP system were completely real, including the experience of death. These feelings were definitely not easy to endure.

In the days when the uncivilized great empires grew, the conservative federation began to decline. Thus, the empires coveted inherited natural resources of the federation. The advent of the OP System, however, restored the imbalance of power to an equilibrium.

Even now, the OP System was undoubtedly the number one thought on the minds of youngsters.

Wang Zhong had been using OP for over a year now, and had a gorgeous record. In one year, he had fought 99 matches in the OP System, which wasn't unusual. However, 99 consecutive defeats was a completely different matter. The reason why he had struggled his hardest every single match was to cause his opponent to release as much of their battle skills as possible. This was so that the Fate Roulette could absorb as much soul essence as possible.

Wang Zhong gave himself the ID 'All-mouthy King¹' in OP. In fact, he used this name because it gave off a sense of hope. Since Simba would often talk about the path of kings, Wang Zhong came up with this ideal name, but... as a result, it had now become a giant farce, a joke that circulated within the school.

Wang Zhong poured his soul power into the rune array, thus entering the Fifth Dimension. The ID of All-mouthy King appeared within the system.

"Ah! Brothers, quickly come look. All-mouthy King has arrived! Hurry up and kneel!"

"Fuck! Why didn't you come yesterday Brother King? One day apart truly seems like three years!"

“Unfortunately, our accomplishments can’t even compare to Brother King’s.

“How could a loser be qualified to battle Brother King? You pack of dregs, immediately kneel.”

The OP System had a very convenient and fast communication platform. After battling for over a year, All-mouthy King had already become a clown like existence. Many newcomers to the OP System became confident after facing All-mouthy King. People often said that having a good start was half the key to being successful. With this in mind, Wang Zhong had done many good deeds. For Wang Zhong, however, this had made him very miserable.

Wang Zhong was already accustomed to being ridiculed from all-sides and immediately entered a match with an opponent. In regards to selecting the extremely important weapon of a heroic soul soldier, he picked one at random—per the usual. To him, all weapons were the same. It was like this before, and it was still like this now.

“Brother King is still as indifferent as before!”

“Look, look. This is the so-called air of a king! I will keep fighting despite all setbacks. You pack of dregs would do good to learn from me!”

“How confident. There isn’t anyone in OP who could compare with your confidence!”

“I don’t know who could be worthy of being Brother King’s opponent, but today is the start of school. The rookies are truly blessed.”

In reality, all those watching Wang Zhong’s battle were of the lower ranks. Those ten or so people simply looked for some amusement from Wang Zhong. Those with a high level of talent would watch the battle between experts instead.

With accordance to the victory rate and number of battles, the OP System divided participants into several divisions: cannon fodder, brave, elite, and sanctuary.

Wang Zhong quickly found an opponent, ‘Future Gun King’. Zero victories, cannon fodder division. His opponent was clearly new, which was unsurprising to Wang Zhong. With his stats, the only opponents he could face were those new

to the OP System. If the creator of the OP System, Doctor Charlton, saw the tragic sight of his battle stats, he would most definitely weep.

His opponent chose the common rune pistol. It seemed he was a long ranged fighter. The OP System had all sorts of rune weapons. They were unrestricted, but there weren't any additional effects to these weapons. When soldiers picked their weapon, they would pick the most suitable one for themselves.

As for Wang Zhong... his random selection left him empty handed. Moreover, Wang Zhong was quite nervous. Even a dagger would have been better.

The battle setting was an ordinary arena, without any sort of cover at all. This was a map dedicated to skill.

The two soldiers entered standby mode. The ten or so spectators, who had been idle for so long that their asses were in pain, were suddenly full of spirit. When they were feeling down, they would always regain their confidence after watching All-mouthy King's clumsy battles. The mood suddenly changed when they saw Brother King full of confidence despite being empty handed. He truly had the airs of an unrivalled tyrant under the heavens!

Future Gun King and All-mouthy King both appeared on stage, the two of them selecting the system face. Future Gun King didn't appear to be in a good mood. Perhaps he was dissatisfied with having Wang Zhong as his opponent. He didn't greet Wang Zhong when he came on stage, and instead immediately rushed over with his gun.

Wang Zhong dodged without thought, but his opponent's gun had been aimed at the pit of his stomach the whole time. The gun was both fast and fierce. If this had been the Wang Zhong of the past, his reaction would have been too slow. He clearly knew what to do, but his body wouldn't have been able to keep up. Having such a helpless exchange would infuriate the toughest of people.

This time, however, Wang Zhong felt as though he was completely in sync with the environment and his body moved exactly as he wished. Unexpectedly, he had been able to magically dodge the attack.

His opponent was also stunned. Even if shooting at the center of a person's body was the least lethal, it was the most difficult to avoid. Normally, a rune pistol relied on frequent burst shots to kill the opponent.

Without a trace of hesitation, he unleashed three shots at Wang Zhong. The shots were so fast, that it almost sounded like a single shot. Wang Zhong continuously dodged, evading each of the three shots by a hair's breadth.

Wang Zhong's heart surged with ecstasy. *'Simba has really done it!'*

With soul power at 50 Grasso, he was finally able to carry out all sorts of battle maneuvers without failure!

That familiar feeling returned. The freedom he felt in his dreamland had finally returned to his body. It felt as though his body was practically flying!

The spectators were actually laughing. God, if even Brother King could dodge this marksmanship, then what kind of crappy level was he at? Could this be the legended, 'there isn't a crappiest, only crappier!'

The ten or so spectators were in a gleeful mess. Although Future Gun King seemed to be enduring it, anyone with a discerning eye would be able to see that his eyes were full of fury.

Bang bang bang...

This time, he shot out three restrictive-type bullets. In ordinary circumstances, long ranged soldiers would do their best to keep their distance. This brother, however, had let his anger go to his head and was now attempting to close the distance in order to raise his accuracy. This definitely reflected his lack of self-confidence.

Wang Zhong didn't dare move recklessly as the the restrictive type shots exploded out and sped towards him. Rather than dodging recklessly, he moved sideways while twisting his body into an arc.

The three shots missed...

The spectating brothers once again burst into laughter. There was finally a brother who could be considered the All-mouthy King's equal. Maybe the two of them were actually blood-related brothers.

Future Gun King was evidently thoroughly infuriated. He actually threw his gun at Wang Zhong?

All of the spectators were bent over laughing. This had to be history's most

amusing battle. A sharpshooter had actually thrown away his gun!

Future Gun King charged towards Wang Zhong with large strides. At some point, the number of spectators had grown to over thirty members. They all had to pay a few credits in order to watch the battles of others, but now, they definitely felt that it was worth the admission fee. They were truly too happy.

Wang Zhong actually felt a completely different kind murderous spirit. If it was said that his opponent's marksmanship had no oppressive power, then that opponent's charge now made him seem like a fierce tiger. Could it be that that his true specialty was actually close combat?

Bang! Future Gun King suddenly exploded forwards with an explosive rumble. His entire person arrived in front of Wang Zhong in a flash, with a fist as oppressive as Mt. Tai booming towards him.

In a flash, everyone quieted down. The sound of his dash wasn't ordinary at all. Maybe it was because they had been laughing excessively, but none of the spectators had been able to see their movements clearly.

|

1. This is a pun on his name. In the raw, it's 嘴强王者 (Zuǐqiáng wángzhě) which means "Strong Mouth King". This is a pun on 最强王者 (Zuìqiáng wángzhě) which means Strongest King. All-mouthy King is supposed to sound like Almighty King, thus making a bad pun. Credit to user Meh in the comments below for thinking up of a decent way to express this pun. [↩](#)

BF Chapter 8

Chapter 8 – Actor

In the next second, however, Future Gun King's tyrannical fist stopped in mid-air. He had suddenly frozen in place. Then he fell over with wide eyes, as if he'd just seen a demon.

All-mouthy King, victory!

After three seconds, all of the spectators burst into laughter. "This guy is truly an actor!"

"That dash of his scared me just now, but it seems he's just a paper tiger!"

"That performance was too good! What an Acting Emperor! He should have at least let Brother King punch him a few hundred times before toppling over, though."

"*Haha*. With Brother King's strength, I'd be worried if he could even throw a hundred punches before the match was finished."

Not a single word escaped Wang Zhong's mouth as he quietly logged out of the OP System. He leaned against the wall, silently staring at his hands. His previously weak and powerless hands were now brimming with power! With soul power at 50 Grasso, as long as he had enough combat skill and was able to attack their weak points, he would be able to break through his opponent's defenses! This meant he could fight even stronger opponents now! He could then let the Fate Roulette absorb even better energy.

Inside of his Soul Sea, the little clown, Simba, was sleeping just as peacefully as before. It seemed he'd sensed Wang Zhong's good mood, however, as the corner of his mouth moved to reveal the faintest trace of a smile.

A knowing smile appeared on Wang Zhong's face. '*Simba, thank you for your birthday present!*'

At that moment, in one of the hundred major cities of the Freedom Federation, Copperfield City, exaggerated laughter filled the OP System training grounds of the city's heroic soul academy.

A curly haired youngster was bent over laughing, doing his best to not topple onto the floor. He couldn't stop his tears as he said, "I'm going to die. I'm going to die of laughter! *Ahahaha!* That has to be the best battle of the year. This powerful berserker, the super genius of Copperfield, Anlor, lost to a single punch. *Mwahaha!* You've blinded my titanium dog eyes¹!"

At the side, an energetic-looking girl in skintight clothing smiled. '*That battle was a bit amusing...*'

A bare chested youngster walked out of the OP room. He wasn't particularly tall, but his entire body brimmed with explosive strength. This was precisely the Copperfield Academy's soldier division idol. He was the vanguard of the Mad Beast Battle Squadron.

Seeing Anlor come out, the brother was still rolling on the ground with laughter. With one hand on his belly, and the other pointing at Anlor, he said, "You, you, what kind of no good are you up to? A berserker soul body can jump thousands of miles in a single leap, yet you went against reason and practiced marksmanship. *Hahaha!* Do you know who your opponent was? He's known as the King of the King of Noobs! In all his ninety-nine losses, his only win is against the magnificent Mad Beast Vanguard! I'm dying! I'm dying of laughter! *Hahaha!*"

Faced with the ridicule of his teammate, the short-tempered Anlor actually remained silent. He wore an odd expression on his face, as if he were still pondering on something. Off to the side, the sexy Laura's smile gradually vanished. "Anlor. Don't mind it so much. It's good that you wanted to expand the scope of your skills, but everyone has their own specialties."

Arnaudon sat up from the floor. "Younger brother, if you were any good at long ranged combat, then I won't have rice to eat anymore! Don't be like this, all right?"

Anlor remained as silent as before. He turned on his skylink, and instantly, an image of the just downloaded battle was projected.

A minute later, Laura and Arnaudon's smiles were nowhere to be found. "Ah! Your tri shot was not too shabby. Your frequency and your shot lines were both accurate. At such a distance, that guy's dodging ability can simply be called

amazing!” As a top class ranged soldier, Arnaudon was like a pig when it came to sniffing out problems. Someone with this much skill was definitely not a newbie.

The issue was the final strike. Even though he had thrown away his firearm, Anlor was still a powerful berserker. Who could possibly take him down with a single strike? This was basically impossible!

Laura and Arnaudon had smiles exploding with glee. They both thought Anlor had flown into a rage due to his humiliation and had been forcefully logged out.

With five times slower replay speed, however, they were able to see that Anlor’s quick and violent dash had completely sealed off all avenues of escape for his opponent. He had thrown out a fierce punch, one which many would find hardpressed to endure. Despite this, that All-mouthy King hadn’t retreated at that time, but rather, he had directly met Anlor head on! All-mouthy King had turned thirty degrees and done a reverse attack, launching an elbow directly into Anlor’s lower jaw. This had caused the power of Anlor’s punch and his elbow strike to layer upon one another, increasing the strike’s power to the point where it had even caused Anlor’s tyrannical body to faint. He had been completely unable to retaliate!

“He... only... used... fifty Grassos... of soul power!” One word after another slowly made its way out of Anlor’s mouth.

His words were full of naked loathing. If one used such a low amount of soul power in a duel, then it was basically saying, ‘I can beat your effortlessly!’

The room was silent...

“Fuck! This bastard is just mocking you! Could someone be substituting for him?” Arnaudon loudly exclaimed. Although he had never interacted with All-mouthy King, he had still watched a video of one of his battles last month. Simply put, it was a noob becoming a dog! Because his videos were usually amusing, it would often get into the top rankings of one of the video listings in OP, the funny videos list!

Laura glared at Arnaudon. This was clearly an idiotic question. Anyone could register for multiple accounts, but they wouldn’t be able to let others use those accounts.

“I have to have a match up with him again!” Anlor solemnly stated. Regardless of who his opponent was, as the vanguard of the Mad Beast Battle Squadron, he definitely couldn’t lose in such a dubious way!

The barest hint of a smile appeared at the corner of Laura’s mouth. “Not bad. You’re a bit like a man after all. If you can beat him, then I’ll agree to go on a date with you.”

Anlor was taken aback, but his eyes soon began to shine. “Captain, will you really do so?”

“If I, Laura, say so, how can it not be so?”

Off to the side, Arnaudon immediately shot up and said in reproach, “Captain, that’s not fair! How come only he gets that kind of opportunity? I want a chance too!” Ever since the two started school, they had been chasing after Laura. Despite their best efforts, neither had succeeded. Yet.

Laura revealed a faint smile. “I’ll go out on a date with whoever wins. However, if you two lose, I’ll have you be my training partner for a month since I’ve just finished a new technique.”

At the thought of their captain’s dreadful scolding, the two of them immediately broke into a cold sweat. Despite this, they quickly calmed themselves as they were absolutely confident they could defeat All-mouthy King.

“I wish you two the best of luck.” Laura said before heading off to the gravity room, not forgetting to wave goodbye as she left. That sexy figure of hers simply burst with infinite allure.

After a second, Arnaudon and Anlor glanced at each other before they both ran to the OP room at lightning speed. They hastily added Brother King as a friend and requested a battle.

Unfortunately, Wang Zhong had already left.

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1. Some sort of meme in the chinese World of Warcraft community. It’s used in mockery when netizens see something retarded. [↩](#)

BF Chapter 9

Chapter 9 – Angelic Man

Within OP, Wang Zhong closed his eyes and reflected upon that final strike just now. It seemed to him that everything had gone pretty well, but the reality was, he had made many mistakes in that battle. His evasive maneuvers had been too stiff, and his thoughts had also been too fragmented which made his heart rather restless.

There was also an issue with his final attack. The only reason he had to use his elbow to attack was because he hadn't given himself enough room to unleash his full strength. His reaction had been slow by too much, about 0.2 seconds. Logically, with the gaps in his opponent's attack that had been quite large, he should have took advantage of them and yield the best results. One couldn't say for certain if doing so would have resulted in his opponent's death rather than simply knocking him unconscious.

After that battle, Wang Zhong went to the gravity room and began training his body. His body had suffered from an illness in his childhood, which had engraved the importance of a strong body into Wang Zhong's heart. Although his soul power had perplexed him these last few years, he had never fallen behind on physical training.

School had just started, so regardless of whether they were new students or upper year students, none of them held much concern in their heart. After all, everyone was still brimming with the aura of vacation.

There wasn't a single soul in sight within the gravity room. In his first year, two-fold gravity had given Wang Zhong trouble, but now, he wasn't even pressured under three-fold gravity. His soul power surged to the surface of his body and withstood the external pressure. In fact, Wang Zhong realized that although his maximum soul power output was low, his soul sea was so enormous that no one that could possibly hope to contend with him in that regard.

After training under three-fold gravity for half an hour, Wang Zhong was drenched in sweat all over and his entire body felt refreshed. Every single cell in

his body felt as though they were filled with some boundless energy. He truly felt completely different from his previously weak and powerless self. The difference was as huge as the gap between the sky and the earth!

Wang Zhong checked the time before walking over to the four-fold gravity area. Wang Zhong's body reacted a slight bit to the pressure. He continued on to the five-fold gravity region and only now did his body begin to feel heavy. He knew that this would be his upper limit for now. He opened the door and, unexpectedly, there was someone else in there.

There was someone in the five-fold gravity region doing pushups, their soul power steadily rising and falling.

The other person also hadn't expected someone to come to the five-fold gravity area at that time. Standing up and inspected Wang Zhong before exposing a glittering smile, the person said, "Hello senior."

Although he was a man, Wang Zhong couldn't help but gasp in surprise. This brother was handsome to the point of shocking him! The most important thing was that he wasn't overbearing at all, but rather, he had the aura of an angel. This was definitely the state Ma Dong was chasing after.

"I hope I didn't disturb you. I didn't think anyone would be in here." Wang Zhong smiled. This new student actually had such an astonishing body. He was most likely a special recruit.

"Of course you haven't. My name is Grai Krisid. I'm from Ophel City. I'm a new student in the commander department. How may I address you, senior?" After sizing Wang Zhong up, Grai's eyes were full of curiosity.

Wang Zhong was stunned for a moment. "My name is Wang Zhong. I'm also in the commander department. Ophel City is one of the top ten cities in the Freedom Federation, so how did you end up here?"

"I'm very interested in runes and Tianjing is the best in the field of rune technology. It seems I was ignorant and inexperienced; Tianjing Academy truly does have crouching tigers and hidden dragons," Grai said as he looked at the person in front of him. This person's strength was unfathomably deep. "Please take care of me, senior."

Wang Zhong didn't know whether to laugh or cry. How could he possibly take care of this kind of genius? "I'll stop disturbing your training then, I hope you'll make many gains here at Tianjing Academy."

Tianjing Heroic Soul Academy specialized in rune forging technology. In fact, they were the leaders in this field within the Freedom Federation. Quite a few geniuses came from other cities just to study this topic.

Wang Zhong shut the door. From beginning to end, Grai had maintained a slight smile, as if he were looking down on Tianjing. Suddenly, Grai's smile froze. *'... How could this be!?'*

Inside of the five-fold gravity room, he had been using his soul power to protect his body, but that person just now...



Wang Zhong had already returned to his dorm and taken a delightful cold bath. Ma Dong was absent from the dorm as usual. In the year since the two brothers had lived together, Ma Dong had only stayed in their dorm three or four times. After reading a book for a while, Wang Zhong went to bed and slept. He was soon sound asleep and soft snoring sounds occasionally broke the silence.

Early in the morning, Wang Zhong was woken up by the ringing of his skylink.

"Wang Zhong, Wang Zhong, where are you? Hurry up and come to the plaza. Damn it! Today is the day when fate decides the future of our Prodigy Society!" Ma Dong's voice sounded loudly out from the skylink. He seemed brimming with the desire to do battle.

Emily was a powerful recruit that enabled the confident Ma Dong to get in over his head. He had taken up position early in the morning. This was the final day for societies to recruit new members and the student union will evaluate the qualifications of each society once classes started. It was usually a normal yearly occurrence, but this time, that witch Milami had given them an ultimatum: gather enough members or disband!

They were only short one person now. For this final day, they had to recruit at least one more member no matter what.

By the time Wang Zhong arrived, the school plaza was already bustling with a vast crowd. After a whole day's worth of shouting, they hadn't been able to recruit any unattached new students. All of those students had goals of their own after all.

The problem was that the other societies in their surroundings were filled with people, yet the Prodigy Society was completely deserted.

Ma Dong gloomily sat on the side. Only Barran, that big lug, had the energy to continue shouting.

"What happened? You were full of energy just a moment ago, and now you're all depressed."

"Despicable, shameless, such a bully!" Ma Dong indignantly said. "That old witch Milami!"

Everyone knew that the Black Rose wanted Emily and that the Prodigy Society was bound to be dissolved. Anyone who joined the Prodigy Society at this time would be making an enemy out of the Black Rose Society.

Wang Zhong was distracted for a moment. "Where's Emily?"

"She said she has a test. Wang Zhong, what do you think we should do? Should we go talk to Milami and let her dissolve our Prodigy Society?" Ma Dong asked.

Wang Zhong shook his head. "We're only missing one person. I don't believe we won't be able to find even one person who's willing."

An hour later, Wang Zhong and Ma Dong once again realized the disparity between their society and the others. There really wasn't a single person who was the least bit interested in them! "Wang Zhong, just let it be. After offending the Black Rose Society, our days won't be good either. Besides, a real man doesn't fight with women. Let's just let them have their way."

Wang Zhong shook his head and Ma Dong released a long sigh. This brother of his might seem easy going, but he was actually stubborn to death!

"Are you guys the Prodigy Society?" Right at that moment, two people appeared in front of the Prodigy Society's booth.

Ma Dong quickly stood up, but he turned cold as soon as he saw the logo on

their chest. The two of them were part of Saint Rulers, one of the academy's four great societies. It was the strongest society in the soldier department.

“What business do you guys have? I’m the president, Ma Dong.”

The slightly taller one of the two exposed an arrogant smile. “I am Lu Zhan Tian of the Saint Rulers. If you have Emily join our society, then we’ll help you make up the two people you’re short of.”

Ma Dong had already heard of Lu Zhang Tian’s name. He was the president of the Saint Rulers. Unexpectedly, they were also looking to recruit Emily. Ma Dong was just trying to start his Prodigy Society. What the heck did he do to deserve this?

Ma Dong also had a devilish temper. He could compromise with beautiful girls, but he had no interest in men. “I’m sorry, but Emily has no interest in joining Saint Rulers.”

Lu Zhan Tian hadn’t expected Ma Dong to not know how to appreciate a favor. There were many people watching, so it wasn’t a good idea to flare up. Instead, he simply directed a burning glare at Ma Dong. “Are you sure?”